

Remember Reach

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Summary: A relatively game-accurate rendition of MY Noble Six's journey to protect Reach from the Covenant onslaught.

1. Noble Actual

Being my first real attempt at a Halo story, I don't expect this story to be particularly well-received. It is very heavily based off of the game content, especially the dialogue and cutscene actions. Everything else, Noble Six's actions and thoughts, are from my own gameplay and imagination. Bungie and (heaven forbid) 343i are the legal copyright holders of the Halo franchise, and I do not claim any rights to it. Reviews are welcome, but not required, as I will finish this work with or without them.

~VENM

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><p>Dust kicked up behind the M831 TT as it hummed along the road. The vehicle held a marine driver and a SPARTAN passenger, and was accompanied by an escort of two UH-144 Falcons. The young and enthusiastic driver had long since given up on trying to talk to the silent soldier, who had only rapped her armored fingers against the frame of the Troop Transport in quiet annoyance. She was not one for conversation.<p>

G-136 stared at the red Recon helmet in her hands before fitting it snugly over her head. The black visor prevented her face from being seen, except in extremely close proximity. The ETA to their destination was less than five minutes and the M831 jostled and bounced its way over the rocky hills. As they rounded a corner, the super soldier could make out the camp. There were a few rigs and bunkers clustered together in the desolate wasteland of Planet Reach.

The Falcons pulled ahead of the convoy and landed on the edge of the camp with the Troop Hog close behind. As soon as the vehicle stopped, the SPARTAN stepped out and headed towards one of the bunkers, the marine driving off behind her. A male green-armored SPARTAN was sitting by one of the Falcons, sliding rounds into a spare SRS99 AM clip. He watched her with suspicion as she passed. He was rather pale and bald, and had a tattoo of a hand grasping three arrows on the left side of his head. As she neared the doorway of the bunker she picked up the end of a briefing.

"The Office of Naval Intelligence believes deployment of a SPARTAN team is a gross misallocation of valuable resourcesâ€¦ I disagree," a slightly static voice stated. The interference and official tone of the man's voice gave away that he was one of the higher-ups currently in the darkness of space.

G-136 walked through the door of the bunker and looked around. There was a SPARTAN with silver and red armor sitting to the left, sharpening a large Kukri knife on his shotgun shell-clad right arm. His helmet was unique, an EVA variant with a skull carved into the visor. A robotic arm braced itself in front of her to stop her path. The arm belonged to another female SPARTAN, clad in blue with regulation short, black hair and scars scattered across her face.

"Commander," she alerted a man standing in front of a desk to the presence of the intruder. The man in darker blue armor turned around and a large, older man wearing modified, mustard yellow armor spoke.

"So that's our new number six."

136 wasn't sure if it was meant as a statement or a question. She stepped forward before the skull-faced SPARTAN spoke to the other woman.

"Kat, you read her file?" His voice sounded African American.

"Only the parts that weren't covered in black ink," she replied, shifting her weight. The Commander turned back to the screen on the table to address the person 'number six' had interrupted.

"Anyone claim responsibility, sir?"

"ONI thinks it might be the local insurrection. Five months ago they pulled a similar job on Harmony. Hit a relay to take out our eyes and ears, then stole two freighters from dry-dock," the voice on the other end took a breath. "That cannot happen here. Reach is too damn important. I want that relay back online Noble One."

"Sir. Consider it done," the blue-armored SPARTAN said. The large man in yellow MJOLNIR armor started to walk towards the door.

"Then I'll see you on the other side. Holland out." The Commander turned off communications and turned around to confront the new addition to the group.

"Lieutenant."

"Commander, Sir," G-136 stepped forward to her new commanding officer

while the others prepared to move out.

"I'm Carter, Noble Team's leader," he glanced at the SPARTANS walking out the door. "That's Kat, Noble Two; Emile and Jorge, Four and Five. You're riding with me, Noble Six." He too moved to leave, the soldier in red following. Carter placed his helmet over his head and waked down the stairs outside of the bunker.

"Not gonna lie to you, Lieutenant. You're stepping into some shoes the rest of the squad would rather leave unfilled," they approached one of the Falcons that had escorted Six's transport. "Me, I'm just happy to have Noble back up to full strength." The blades of the copter began churning, preparing for departure.

"Just one thing: I've seen your file; even the parts the ONI censors didn't want me to," The bald man from outside had already taken a seat in the Falcon and 136 took her place next to him while Commander Carter hopped aboard and gave the signal for takeoff. "I'm glad to have your skill set, but we're a team; that lone wolf stuff stays behind. Clear?"

"Got it, Sir," she said in her strict military tone. The UH-144 outfitted with Emile, Kat, and Jorge lifted off first, with her own transport following suit. The SPARTAN she was sitting next to, the only one she hadn't been properly introduced to, turned to her. She determined, underneath the buzz of the Falcons' blades, that his accent was Slavic.

"Welcome to Reach."

2. Touch Down

The Falcons flew, side by side, through mountainous terrain. The landscape below was a mixture of grey rock, green foliage, and brown moss. G-136 double checked her armor's functionality and her extra ammunition. All green.

"Listen up, Noble Team. We're looking at a downed relay outpost fifty clicks from Visegrad," Carter spoke through the COM link to the company. "We're gonna introduce ourselves to whoever took it out, and then Kat's gonna get it back online."

"Get me under the hood, Commander," Kat said with an air of confidence in her technological skills.

"Sir, why would rebels want to cut off Reach from the rest of the colonies?" Jorge turned from his seat on the far side of the first UH-144 Falcon to look across at Carter. That was a good question. The Commander gave him an answer; one that seemed a little half-assed to Six.

"If you've got a chance, maybe you can ask them, Jorge."

There was a period of silence, aside from the whir of the copter blades, before Kat spoke again.

"Commander, we just lost our signal with HQ."

"Backup channels?" Carter glanced over at Kat while she searched for

another COM link.

"Searchingâ€¦ Nada," she said, making an empty-handed gesture with her human arm. "Can't say what's jamming us."

"You heard her. Dead zone confirmed," Carter reiterated. "Command will not be keeping us company this trip."

"I'm lonely already," Emile's voice came through the link.

The two aircraft rounded a cliff and a structure came into view amidst a haze of fog. There was some smoke billowing into the air and fields of cabbages lining a hill to the north. The Falcons slowly circled the airspace above, waiting for Carter's command to set down.

"Shoot down attempts are likely, so keep your distance," Carter said through the COM channel.

"Yes Sir," one of the pilots responded.

"Let's stay focused," Carter said. "Watch your sectors."

G-136 took some time to look below. There was a flaming vehicle off-center of one of the structures. The smoke from the burning wreck mingled with the mist already floating in the atmosphere. Her HUD came online and everything seemed to be functioning.

"There's the Communications Outpost," Jorge said. A marker blipped up on the inside of the groups' visors, showing them the location of Visegrad.

"Maybe a distress beacon," Kat's voice crackled through the COM and another marker showed up near the burning vehicle below the circling Falcons.

"Could be the missing troopers. Let's check it out," Carter said. The copters propelled slightly faster, finishing the circle. "Put us down on the bluff. Jun I want your eyes in the sky."

"Sir." The UH-144s hovered over the top of the hill before setting down.

"Let's go Six," Carter jumped out of the Falcon with Six close behind. Emile and Kat exited the other bird while Jorge stayed behind. "Alright, Noble Team. Spread out. Watch the approach." The long grass swayed around them as the aerial vehicles took off again.

She snapped her MA37 Assault Rifle from her magnetic back plating and joined her fellow SPARTANS in the careful descent down the hillside. She swung right around a rock wall and followed the trail southwest, making surprisingly little noise despite her heavy MJOLNIR suit.

"Structure point 3-4, looks clear from this angle," Emile's voice was heard. He had climbed atop a large boulder to the left to get an overhead view of the structure, while Carter fell behind the group and Kat continued forward. Six followed suit, passing fields of vegetables and scattered clusters of purple, spire-like flowers.

Turning southeast around a tree, they headed in the direction of the beacon.

"Distress beacon coming from just south of here, Commander. We're close," Kat said.

"Roger that," Carter acknowledged. "Eyes peeled." They regrouped around the beacon. G-136 scouted the structure, her weapon at the ready. There weren't any people around. Emile sifted through some burnt wood palettes. Shoving one to the side, he grabbed a red object and stood up.

"Found the beacon," he said, tossing it to Kat.

"Make out any ID?" Carter asked.

"Negative," Kat replied, inspecting the beacon in her hand. "But it's military." She let it fall to the ground and took a hold on her M6G Magnum. Everyone seemed to go on high alert.

"So where are all the troopers?" Jorge's disembodied voice came through the COM link. The ground team spread out around the structure. Emile joined Six at her position while Carter and Kat searched the wreckage of the truck.

"Why are we not seeing explosives residue?" Kat inquired.

"Noble Three, can you confirm any EX residue in the area?" Carter asked of his eye in the sky. The COM channel clicked

"Hmâ€¦ Negative, Sir," Jun's voice responded.

"Plasma maybe," Emile suggested from his place next to the red-armored newcomer.

"Can't be," Jorge said with the slightest hint of surprised worry in his voice. "Not on Reach." Six squatted down and dabbed two fingers into a discolored patch on the concrete flooring. The top layer was crusted over, but underneath was still slightly damp and sticky. Her fingers came away with the thickened, reddish-brown substance.

"There's a lot of blood on the ground," Emile said as he looked over her shoulder.

"Alright Noble, it looks like there's nothing here. Let's move on," Carter directed. Plasma damage and bloody carnage? That's not what anyone had been expecting.

End
file.